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THE MESSENGER.

VOL. XL.

APRIL, 1914.

No. 7

A SONNET.

H. A. M., '16.

There is a rarer friend than he in need,
A dearer one, and harder much to find;
Unselfishness and love must be his creed,
No tinge of jealousy be in his mind.
He sees thee win what he would fain acquire,
Yet, smilingly, he glories in thy gain.
Through thy success is lost his heart's desire,
Yet, for thy sake, he hides his aching pain.
To comfort thee when his own loss is small
Is but a deed which friendships small may take,
But if, through thy success, his own hopes fall,
And still he loves thee for thine own love's sake,
If such a friend thou hast—this friendship fair,
Guard o'er with careful love, for such a gift is rare.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS AND VICINITY.

H. D. Coghill.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

A COMMON sight on the boulevards is the "stump" collector plying his vocation. He is usually a battered derelict of humanity, armed with a spiked cane. One sees him here, there, and everywhere, spearing from the pavement and from the gutter the cast-away stumps of cigars and cigarettes. He sells his collections to the manufacturer of the lowest grade of cigarettes—the brand smoked by the *gamin*, the cheap sport, and the day laborer.

In our rambles along the boulevards, it was with a feeling of intense revulsion that we saw, placarded in glaring type on many of the "kiosks," the name of a notorious negro pugilist. A fugitive from American justice, he was received with open arms by a certain element of Parisians, and was featured at the Folies Bergere during our stay in Paris. It seems that he was appearing in a "rag-time" stunt in company with "*Monsieur Gaston Silvestre*, *Monsieur Prince Rudolph*, *Monsieur Wodson*, and *Mademoiselle Lula*," all of the dark-skinned variety.

The cinema or moving picture shows hold performances lasting from two to three hours. The pictures exhibited are, as a rule, of a higher standard, and the prices are greater, than those of the American "movies," ranging from one to six francs. Seats in the aisles may be obtained, I think, for about half a franc (ten cents), but they are very much of a nuisance, as the occupants have to get up frequently to let late-comers pass, and, between "shifts," have to stand, in order that the seats may be folded back out of the way.

As we seated ourselves in the Paris Opera House, and settled back comfortably to listen to a performance of "*Rigoletto*," we were lost in admiration of the edifice—the largest and most magnificent building of its kind in the world—but, *Helas!* the

singing did not rise to its environment. "Rigoletto" has been better rendered before a Richmond audience. Evidently it was the "off" season for grand opera. The ballet, "Coppelia," which followed the opera, was, on the contrary, superior to any ballet performance we have seen in the United States. Tickets for the opera and the theatres cost practically the same in Paris as in New York, but, so far as I am able to judge from a casual acquaintance with both, on the whole, the New York stage offers better values. Of course, this is only an impression, and I may be entirely wrong.

A form of dramatic art which seems to have attained a higher state of perfection in Paris than in New York is the one-act play. As brief as the short-story, and fully as compressed, the one-act play rises to a climax with a sweep and a finish that leaves one thrilled and breathless with admiration for such technique, such acting, and with so intense an impression of its perfect unity. It was at a little theatre, five minutes' walk from the Moulin Rouge, that we saw the one-act play in its perfection. From the exterior the building does not look like a theatre. Its interior is as simply and massively furnished as a Dutch church, with its exposed beams and stained wood-work. The seating capacity is about two hundred. The audience, in the main, is composed of authors, playwrights, journalists, statesmen—celebrities, near-celebrities, their wives, sweethearts, and friends; they come by invitation, seats *gratis*. Those not of the elect, who wish to witness a performance, have to pay an extravagant price for tickets. Fortunate in having a celebrity as our host, we witnessed six one-act performances—two comedies and four tragedies. The comedies were *risque*, the tragedies grimly terrible—the catastrophe (contrary to the Greek model) occurring on the stage. Though the acting and technique seemed well-nigh perfect, I think the comedies were too spicy, too highly flavored for any but a *blase* Parisian, and the tragedies too intense, too horrible for human nature's good—I slept in a maze of nightmares for a week thereafter.

We have been criticised by the French, and often justly so, because of our "barbarous American customs," but we are not the only people subject to such criticism. I suppose about the first thing one notices in traveling, and about the first question one

is asked upon his return home, is how the people differ from us, and to what extent their customs vary from ours. So I give you below a few examples, and you can judge for yourself as to the civilization which has prompted them.

Call a policeman a "camel" (*chameau*), and you'll be fined two to ten thousand francs, and go to jail for a year or more. This is to inspire proper respect for the majesty of the representatives of the law. Let a jealous girl blind her lover with carbolic acid, and she gets off with a light fine and a few days' imprisonment. Technically, the first offence is a felony; the second "assault and battery." Jealous girls are not the only ones who take advantage of this loop-hole. In the past twelve months there have been many cases of carbolic acid assault—in several instances innocent by-standers were blinded for life, or otherwise injured and disfigured. Public opinion has demanded a change in the statutes to remedy this evil, but so cumbersome is the machinery of justice that to this day no remedy is at hand. "*Le Baiser dans la Nuit*," a one-act play, grewsome throughout, is based on a case of carbolic acid assault. In this play the lover, horribly blinded, thirsts for revenge, and, realizing the inefficiency of the law, suppresses all evidence against the girl, then lures her to his apartments, gradually shows her the enormity of her deed, informs her of his proposed vengeance, and, finally, oblivious to her piteous moans and prayer for mercy, in full view of the audience, slowly pours carbolic acid in her eyes.

Speaking further of customs, it may interest you to know that while a gentleman may promenade the boulevards with a lady on his arm (his lady or some one else's) without giving rise to public comment, yet, should two gentlemen walk the streets arm in arm, all manner of comment will be forthcoming—it is considered an act of extreme ill-breeding, and not even a *gamin* would be guilty of such conduct.

In many of the theatres and cinema palaces, while the ladies are supposed to remove their hats, gentlemen are not only allowed to keep theirs on, but, if they feel so inclined, may indulge in a smoke.

Tipping, in spite of all the hue and cry against it, is no more of a nuisance in Paris than in the United States, and I am inclined

to think the balance is in favor of Paris. I have known Parisian waiters to be satisfied with as little as three sous (three cents), and think of an American waiter being content with so small a gratuity! It is true that the custom is more prevalent in Paris than in most American cities, in that it extends even to the fair ushers in the theatres, and if you don't tip them you'll be gently and insistently reminded of the omission—but less is expected for the service rendered.

Before visiting Paris we had often been told of the vast number of English-speaking Parisians, and that a knowledge of French was unnecessary—that one could easily get along without it. I suppose our informants thought it was our intention to go in a “personally conducted” party, or make use of Cook’s linguistic guides on every occasion that we dared set foot outside of our *pension*. Had such been our fate, doubtless French would have been profitless, but, as it happened, we are grateful to our professor of French for what we were armed with. While it is true that on several occasions, when we inquired of strangers “*Où est la Place de la Bastille, le Pantheon,*” et cetera, we were answered in perfect English, and while English is spoken at some of the larger hotels and in the most fashionable shops, yet I believe we would have fared badly had we been dependent entirely on English. At the Bon Marche, one of the largest establishments of its kind in Paris, we couldn’t get what we wanted until we resorted to our slim supply of French. In other stores and shops we had similar experiences, and I will never forget what a time I had making a druggist understand that I desired quinine, and not one of the half a dozen other substitutes which he offered. A number of shops bore signs “One speaks English here,” and when we asked the proprietor of one the why and wherefore of such a groundless statement, he smilingly responded that it was a good advertisement—“*Par exemple, messieurs sont ici!*” In the cafes and restaurants, on the boulevards, in the parks, in the museums, churches, and theatres, in the buses, fiacres, and tram-cars—everywhere we went, we felt the need of French, and more French.

Confronted one day by a pile of soiled collars, et cetera, we bundled them up and sought out a laundry. We tramped up and

down side streets, scrutinizing eagerly every sign that came into view. Finally we spied one marked "*Boulangerie*." "Ah!" exclaimed my companion, "Praise Allah! our quest is ended; we'll have our things done up there, if the price is right." I puzzled a minute, then replied, "I'm not sure that that is just what we are looking for; it seems to me that "*blanchisserie*" is the word." "Why, yes," he answered quickly, "'*bou-lang-erie*,' laundry—a place to do up *lingerie*. Don't you remember?" I invariably bowed to his superior accent, and he usually deferred to my vocabulary, but on this occasion my mind was cloudy on the subject, and so I lingeringly assented. We came closer, hesitated before the building, peered through the smoky windows, and saw—row after row of freshly baked loaves, pies, and cakes; it was a bake-shop!

Adventure in Paris? Romance in Paris? I hear you ask. Why, yes; in Paris—in Rome—anywhere. If the fires of youth burn fiercely in your veins, it takes but little to kindle the imagination and to suffuse everything with a roseate glow. Paris teems with adventure. Take a walk down a poorly-lighted side street. Pause before a cinema sign. It tells you that, in addition to the regular show, if you go up-stairs you can see the Tango danced in the most approved fashion, and learn all the seventy-and-seven steps, if you so desire. You enter with the idea of seeing a "movie." An *attache* comes forward and informs you that if you are fond of dancing you will be better entertained up-stairs, as you will find a partner awaiting you. Being a sort of philosopher, and interested in sociology, you mount several dark flights of stairs. The strains of a waltz reach your ears. Presently you find yourself in a brilliantly-lighted room. For the moment you are dazed. Then you walk past the orchestra, past a number of whirling couples, and seat yourself at one of a number of tables, partially concealed by palms. At many of the tables are seated men and girls—the girls chattering, the men nonchalantly smoking and drinking, watching the dancers, and occasionally putting a word into the conversation. You are informed that it is customary to order drinks, whether you "teetotal" or not, so you bow to custom. Meantime you have been looking about you. There are perhaps thirty people in the

cabaret, and all of them seem to be having a good time. Presently a damsel emerges from the dance, approaches, and, in response to a smiling invitation, seats herself opposite you. She asks if you will do her the honor of dancing the Tango with her. If you are still meditating on sociology, if you see an opportunity to study the subject first-hand, or if you wish to get the damsel's opinion on the subject, you reply with a negative nod, something like this—"Merci, mademoiselle; je desire que vous restiez ici, et nous causerons." So, if you are a philosopher, you attempt a conversation. She knows no English; you know little French. What you have is weak-kneed, so out comes a pencil and paper, and you succeed in making yourself understood, because you happen to be more proficient at writing than talking. Amused at your funny questions and many mistakes, she seems content to let others dance while she is studying you as intently as a biologist studies some strange new specimen of "woggle-bug." And so time passes.

If, however, it chances that you are not a philosopher, and are a good dancer, and feel the call of the music, and are more interested in concrete biology than any abstract subject, you accept the *houiri*'s invitation, and are soon tangling and untangling in the mazes of the Tango. Very pretty your *vis-a-vis* seems to you, whether you are whirling through the Tango or whether you are seated at the table, adding to your store of knowledge. You are now looking upon a cross-section of the world through a rose-colored magnifying-glass, and the richness of color dazzles you. The music, the dance, the soft swaying bodies, the lights, the murmur of conversation, the *tout ensemble* momentarily overpowers you, and you sigh half to yourself, and half to the spirit of youth that is responsible for the magic glow: "How good it is to be alive. This is life. This is living."

The hour grows late. Some of the dancers are leaving. Soon the music ceases. Conversation lags. A feeling half of uneasiness, half of weariness, steals over you. The rose-colored glass has vanished, and with it all the gorgeously of color. You note the tired look in the girl's eyes, the rouge on her cheeks, the betraying lines beginning to appear here and there on her erstwhile fresh young face. You feel *le grand ennui*. You shudder

and exclaim, "It is good to live, but this is not life. It is but a cheap imitation. *C'est au rebours*. It is the way of death. I must get out of here." And you leave. As you are going out you are asked if you will return to-morrow. If you are wise, you say "*Certainement*," because the stairs are long and dark, and you still have some money left. But to-morrow never comes.

The resolutions made beneath the stars last night are good. But you find a flaw. It permits you to visit a public cabaret on the Moulin Rouge. It is much larger than the other place. Once more there is music and dancing. Once more you find a damsel seated across the table. She is, of course, very pretty. (All damsels in stories are—otherwise, where's the charm?) She engages you in conversation. To your surprise, she speaks English. You find her very entertaining. But presently you notice a man who has just seated himself at an adjoining table and is giving his order. He is scowling at you. You feel uncomfortable, but continue the conversation. You know that, for some reason, he disapproves of your presence—you suspect that he is a jealous admirer. Occasionally you glance out of the corner of your eye to see if he is still there—he is. Soon the charm is broken. You leave—the man also leaves. He is just ahead of you, and precedes you to the corner. There he stops. As you pass, he curses, makes a savage pass at you, and you experience a stinging sensation. When you get back to your *pension* you find that, with a knife as sharp as a razor, your clothes have been cut clean through, and the skin grazed. You discover that your thick note-book has perhaps saved your life. You thank your lucky stars, and say "Never again!"

One night you are sauntering along a dim-lit side street. You notice several men apparently aimlessly walking around. One turns and passes you. Another follows, and as he reaches you shoulders you roughly. He utters a cry for help and seizes you. You struggle, but in a twinkling his accomplices have joined him, and you are a captive. You are informed that you have attempted a felonious assault, or some equally as absurd charge is made. If you hand over two thousand francs you may go free; otherwise you will be prosecuted. You refuse to pay; you threaten them with the Stars and Stripes. A policeman is summoned, and you

are given into custody. You communicate with the United States ambassador. He can do nothing more than secure counsel for you. Meantime your prosecutors have made advances. They offer to compromise and to disappear. You indignantly refuse. Your case comes up. Challenged, the plaintiff and his witnesses produce "character" witnesses. They are always easy to find. You are a stranger in a strange land, and are tried in a language of which you understand but little. You are a foreigner, and the foreigner is always in the wrong. You are found guilty, and, despite an appeal to your ambassador, you have to pay a heavy fine and go to jail. Impossible! you say? Yes, but there have been three such cases in Paris in the past year. The victims were all reputable Americans. In the first case the victim was convicted. With such a precedent, when the second and third victims found themselves in jail awaiting trial, they wisely compromised with the blackmailers, and when the cases came to trial no witnesses appeared, and so they were dismissed.

Romance? Adventure? Yes, it is there, and, despite the well-nigh perfect police system that Paris boasts of, you can still find a few Apaches in that fair city; and you can still be blackmailed, or sand-bagged, or knifed, if you take pleasure in that sort of thing. In the coin of the realm in which you get it, everything has its price; and in Paris, or anywhere else, what you get you will have to pay for, sometime or somewhere—but you will have to pay.

THE MYSTERY IN A SATCHEL.

R. A. S.

AFTER many heated family councils, the Misses Smart determined to take a lodger, for it was absolutely necessary to do a little piecing to make both ends meet. The ends very nearly came together, but nothing short of some fifteen or twenty dollars extension could bring about a complete juncture. When they had decided to advertise for such a missing link, there arose the question as to the character of the roomer. Miss Amelia Smart was positive she couldn't endure women, who would be around all day, wanting hot water and clean towels at the most inconvenient seasons. Miss Sarah was convinced that children would be the death of her, when even the parrot, a square away, that yelled "Rubber-neck!" unceasingly, nearly threw her into "canniptions." On the other hand, Miss Amelia, being only three and forty, and consequently ten years the junior of her sister, thought that a callow youth would be out of the question, as an inmate of this kind would set the neighbors' tongues wagging. Of course, her sister was secure from any imputations of this kind, but *she*—*she* might still be regarded as "gossipable." When Miss Sarah desired to know what her sister considered the limit of youth, Miss Amelia conjectured she was not risking her reputation in setting down forty for men, while women, by courtesy, were entitled to several years of grace longer.

So the combat was waged this way and that until a compromise was effected on the following basis—a "*Wanted*" to be inserted in the afternoon *Telegram* for seven consecutive evenings:

TO RENT—Several large, airy, comfortably-furnished rooms, to a middle-aged gentleman of irreproachable character, possessed of satisfactory testimonials.

The ladies read this advertisement in print that evening with great complacency, as if they had mothered a literary gem,

and Miss Sarah actually took the paper to bed, to read over the next morning while enjoying a few blissful moments of defiant protest against the warning of the alarm-clock.

For several days the aspirants to landlady-like honors dressed in their Sunday black silks, and spent many hours of disappointed waiting in the stately parlor, prepared with a searching catechism that would make any unworthy applicant quail and retreat in confusion. But it was not until the fourth day that the longed-for happened, and then at the very hour when they had relaxed their vigilance, and, in the privacy of their chamber, had treated their persons to free expansion in wrappers, while such hair as was native to the crown was suffering the constraint of innumerable curl-papers.

The card the maid presented bore this inscription:

JAMES P. LAUGHINGHOUSE,

Agent for The Good Samaritan Life Insurance Company.

In their eagerness, both ladies seized the card at once, and very nearly tore the prænomén from its fellows:

"Laughinghouse!" exclaimed Miss Sarah. "What a cheerful name!"

"What's in a name? It's the man behind the name," was Miss Amelia's sententious comment.

Wasting few words, the maidens hastened to confine their figures in their wonted steel and to coax the recently imprisoned locks into the devious ways of women's hair, and, fully caparisoned, descended to the parlor with the step and bearing of the High Inquisitor proceeding to a torture chamber of the Inquisition.

As they entered, a portly, florid man, with no features worth mentioning, rose from his seat, beside which rested a tiny satchel.

"The Misses Smart, I reckon," began the stranger.

The ladies bowed acknowledgment of the accuracy of his surmise, and, on learning that Mr. Laughinghouse had come in answer to their advertisement, Miss Sarah Smart put the searching questions that she had so carefully formulated in her mind, to all of which perfectly satisfactory replies were given, and a bargain was struck instantér. Whereupon Mr. Laughinghouse made a profound bow, and, had he been in the days of chivalry,

would have swept the floor with his plumes; but Mr. Laughinghouse not only had no plumes, but not even the embryo of a pin-feather on his highly-polished head; and a few minutes later the guest had departed, and with him the satchel.

Now the Misses Smart, like all women and most men, for that matter, had come into the world with a certain tincture of the quality known as intelligent interest, *alias* curiosity, and they at once fancied some immense mystery in the satchel, and in this circumstance found peculiar zest, added to that inspired by the portentous fact of the entrance of a male into their household.

The effect that this novelty had produced on the two women was varied. The older, after resigning her aspirations to worldly suitors, had fixed her whole and undivided affections on those who ministered to her soul's well-being, for the spiritual love of maiden ladies, unperturbed by numbers, may be called a species of ghostly polyandry.

On the other hand, the younger, whose age was securely confined by the clasps of the family Bible, safely locked in a mighty chest, was still possessed of a dim reflection of the glow of youth upon her cheeks, and hence felt the ashes warming up in her shrinking heart. Cupid, with his infinite wiles, began to bestir himself within her bosom, and the mirage of the past aroused dreams of the future. That night she had a startlingly vivid vision of a funeral, which, by the occult doctrine of opposites, foreshadowed a wedding; wherefore, the next morning she spent a vast amount of time upon her toilet, inserted a "plumper" in her cheeks, smoothed out, temporarily, certain crows'-feet with her massage roller, did up her hair by a picture in the *Ladies' World*, and artfully contrived her figure to an irreproachable symmetry.

It was afternoon, however, before Mr. Laughinghouse, with his satchel, and in the wake of a trunk, put in a cheerful appearance, all unconscious of the fateful web that was spinning about him. Deferring his first meal at a neighboring restaurant until the next morning, he accepted an invitation to sup with his hostesses, and, to their amazement, the satchel went with him into the parlor, and from the parlor into the dining-room, where it found a temporary lodgment close by his chair.

"Tell me something of yourself, Mr. Laughinghouse," Miss

Amelia began, as she poured out the coffee. "When did your dear wife die?"

Mr. Laughinghouse drew out his handkerchief, and wiped away a theoretical tear.

"The subject is a touchin' one, ma'am," he replied slowly, but with *crescendo* inflection; "too sad for words. Poor Susan," he glanced at his leather companion,) "God knows she was a well-meanin' woman. Never a cross word before company. Always a-hangin' on you on pay day. And to think she should a had such a ironic death! Stepped on a rusty nail, and died o' lockjaw, after forty years o' continued conversation."

Mr. Laughinghouse sighed with commendable resignation.

"Don't you feel awfully lonesome sometimes," ventured Miss Amelia, insinuatingly.

"Lonesome? Why, bless my buttons, I'm so busy I don't have time to get lonesome. That's the privilege of the rich. Then you know a change kinder tickles a man at first, though I don't know how it'll be later on."

Now Miss Amelia decided to try another tack. Recalling the dictum that the road to a man's heart is through his œsophagus, she first took up the kitchen. What kind of cake did Mr. Laughinghouse love? Why, *that* was the kind she made to the greatest perfection. Then sewing was her next greatest accomplishment. She made every stitch she wore, visible and invisible, and all of her nephew's shirts (she blushed at this indelicate word), so that his chums took them for simon-pure store clothes. She doted on children. She was fully of the opinion that there is no place like home, and could even flatter herself she knew how to make a little nest cozy. Unlike Sister Sarah, she belonged to no sewing societies nor mothers' missions. In short, she was of a more than feline domesticity. Even cats sometimes roam, but she—never. Each time that Miss Amelia itemized a new propensity or a new qualification it went home to the mark with the telling effect of a solar plexus blow; for all of these things were precisely what the late Mrs. Laughinghouse was not. In fact, when a friend asked her why she spent so much time at societies and clubs, she retorted with the question, "You never spent an evening alone with James, did you?" and to this

the obliterated female could find no answer. So, when Mr. Laughinghouse found time to reflect that night, in the seclusion of his newly-acquired apartment, he concluded that he had never before met a woman who so fully measured up to his ideal as the lady who had so charmingly entertained him that evening, and this in spite of the departed incubus and the blight with which that enterprising female had withered his views of feminine humanity in general. The corner-stone of a new Temple of Venus had been laid, though the mason did not yet recognize his handiwork.

The eternal chase of nights and days went on, and if snow could exist in that steaming atmosphere where lovers dwell, we might venture a mixed figure, and say that the snow-ball of love, rolling down the steep of inclination, waxed larger day by day, till each of those who stood behind and rolled had all the spreading landscape shut from view by its immense proportions, and could see nothing but the other—and the satchel.

The satchel was the only thorn (mixed figs. again) in love's side, and then in the side of Miss Amelia alone, and yet this thorn was the goad that was urging her on to the dangerous quick-sands of matrimony. The mystery of the satchel must be solved. Every day that Mr. Laughinghouse went out, out went the satchel. Not a single time was there a lapse, for Miss Amelia watched him from the window, and searched his room afterwards to make doubly sure. Fearful imaginings began to find entertainment in her mind. Perhaps he was a murderer, and in this satchel were the bones of his victim; but this theory fell when she remembered the insufficient dimensions of the receptacle. Again, perhaps he was a burglar, and this his kit, but night after night she had stolen to his door and offered her ear to the key-hole, and just as often had his stertorous inspirations assured her of his presence. Besides, she had found, on inquiry, that he bore a most respected name in the town where he had last lived, and that he was regarded as a trusted servant in his present duties. In wedlock alone, then, could be found the key to this teasing mystery, and in wedlock she centered all her hopes of the felicity of sated curiosity.

Meanwhile, Mr. Laughinghouse spent more and more even-

ings in the parlor with Miss Amelia, and more and more frequently did his chair at the restaurant find itself without an occupant, till at last that flame, kindled at the heart two months before, had worked its way up to the tongue, and burst forth in protestations of eternal and consuming passion. Now, as Miss Amelia had practiced her *role* before the mirror for weeks, her part in the melting scene went off without a hitch.

Marriage, and giving in marriage, are such every-day episodes that, except to a youth unfledged, it would be tedious to recount the pledges of affection given and returned, the hours of figurative intoxication, the wedding day that dawned bright and joyous, the chirping of choral sparrows hymeneally inclined, the white-robed priest, the whispered vows, the wonder of Mr. Laughinghouse without his satchel, the trip to Washington with Mr. Laughinghouse and the satchel—all these marvels, and many more, must remain unsung, and we shall take the liberty of recounting an event that happened at four in the morning.

Mr. Laughinghouse was fast asleep, but Mrs. Amelia was wide, wide awake, listening tensely to her husband's heavy breathing. Again and again had she made a move, but as often hesitated, fearing to awaken the sleeper. Now, however, seemed the auspicious moment. Slipping cautiously from bed, she tip-toed around its foot, and seized, with palpitating heart the satchel that lay on Mr. Laughinghouse's side; then, gliding to the window, she opened the blinds a trifle—a tiny, tiny trifle—and let a ray of moonlight fall upon the treasure. To her delight the lock yielded to the pressure of her finger, and, while her heart stood still, the satchel sprang open. Plucking up her courage, she looked—nothing—a staring, yawning void—absolutely bare and empty. Rage filled her soul. For what, then, had she married—to be duped like this? Tears gathered in her eyes, and she trembled with anger.

Despite the sore disappointment, she realized the necessity of returning without detection; so, closing the catch noiselessly, she sought to retrace her steps, but, as fate, cruel fate, would have it, a small foot-stool lay in her path, and brought about her lumbering downfall. She bounded to her feet, but, alas! Mr. Laughinghouse was sitting up in bed, with a wild, anxious

look in his eyes (presumably, for the room was wrapped in shadows).

"Why, Amelia," he cried, anxiously, after the manner of bridegrooms; "what has happened to you, my darling?"


The tell-tale satchel was still in her hand, and, though there was hardly enough light in the room to betray her guilt, she blurted out, sobbingly: "I couldn't help it. I just had to know what was in that satchel; and now to think it was nothing all the time. You fooled me into marrying you, you did—you—you."

"So that's been worrying you, my dear," Mr. Laughinghouse laughed cheerily. "Why, I had my Susan cremated, as I always promised not to put her in the ground while there was any danger of buryin' her alive. But, now I'm married again, I thought you might object, and I had them—you know I couldn't 'a 'tole you whilst we were cotin'; it might 'a spoiled the honeymoon, and—"

Mr. Laughinghouse interrupted himself, and sprang to his bride's assistance. She had struck the floor with what is conventionally known as a "dull thud." Too upset to take in the last part of her husband's explanation, she had swooned under the delusion that she had married a new sort of Bluebeard.

LESSONS IN FRENCH CONVERSATION.

J. M. D. Olmsted.

“O learn to speak French you must go where there are no English-speaking people”—so I was told during my first summer in Europe by every one to whom I mentioned my desire to be able to talk French. I was in Paris at the time, for all good Americans go, sooner or later, to Paris. They usually go sooner and stay later. The son-in-law-to-be of my landlady knew no English at all, and, having his way to make through the “Beaux Arts,” a vacation with all expenses paid was a very desirable thing. I turned out to be his “chance.” It was easily arranged that he would tutor me daily for his expenses. Now, where to go to escape the maddening crowd of English speakers? We were informed that a little beach in Brittany would exactly fill the bill. It was so out of the way that no Englishman or American could find his way there. Accordingly, Marcel, as tutor, and I, as pupil, turned our faces towards St. Quay.

The little town proved to be in a very charming part of quaint Brittany. Golden wheat fields, often crimson with poppies, such as are to be seen in Jules Breton’s paintings, rolled back inland from the cliffs which bordered the shore, while now and then a thatched-roofed cottage, or old stone manor-house with turrets and flamboyant windows, could be seen, sentineled by tall poplar trees. And if one tired of the sea and the rippling wheat fields, there was a chateau or two, several wonderful old churches, and, at nearly every cross-roads, a sculptured cross, before which devout Bretons crossed themselves on the way to market. Or one could watch the women in white caps washing the clothes in the brooks. One wonders how the clothes stand it. First they are swished around in the water, then soaped, then placed on a flat rock, and beaten with a wooden paddle. Then swished and beaten again and again. Plenty of topics for French conversation.

Alas, for my hopes! The second day, while Marcel and I

were toying with the *hors d'œuvres* at our eminently respectable, but decidedly second-class hotel, in walked six of the most charming American girls it has been my fortune ever to meet. As I caught the true nasal ring, and recognized the latest fad in slang, I groaned for my French. True they did not speak *English*.

I felt their concentrated gaze upon me, and turned redder than my budding, or, perhaps, merely sprouting, moustache. A whispered discussion followed, but I overheard the final decision—"He is an Englishman." A word as to my appearance may explain. My hair was slicked back and greased with "Honey of Flowers," as was every self-respecting Oxonian's of that period. I have spoken of the promise of a scarlet thatch for my upper lip—oh, it was there! A soft flannel shirt, with attached collar, green belted coat of rough tweed, guiltless of shoulder padding, knickerbockers to match, heavy green stockings, typical walking shoes of English make finished my costume. Do you wonder that I had lost my nationality? I don't. Imagine me coming to class in that "get up." It would probably be changed to a "get out" if I attempted it.

In one hour after that meal I had returned to my broad-shouldered padded American coat and peg trousers, and, in this restored guise, I met the young ladies. They were all pupils of a famous violin teacher, who always took his class with him during his vacation from Paris. For a Parisian to remain in Paris during the summer betokens poverty. The city is exclusively American then, and one is surprised to hear anything but pure American on the Avenue de l'Opera during the summer months.

I had intended to spend approximately twenty-four hours per day with Marcel, imbibing French by the bucket, but, with the advent of these, my countrywomen, my good intentions went for paving stones (at least that is what I am told becomes of good intentions). There was a telegraph station in a low white building way out on a point beyond the bathing beach. Just under this semifore, as it was called, there were the most delightful grassy hollows, which demanded assistance from a strong arm both in getting down into them and again in coming out. There one could sit, protected from the wind, and watch the changing water—now clear green, now blue. Often porpoises would play almost

at our feet, and gulls would circle over the little bay. Somehow I found myself more often in one of these hollows, at the feet of the young lady from New York, watching her embroider dainty things, than I did at the feet of Marcel, doing French exercises.

Now, why is it that fate has to stick her finger in my affairs, and cause a general mix-up whenever a Russian girl appears on the scene. Even with the American attractions, I did get some French, but after Annia came—! Annia pronounced her name Ahn'-yah, and I can see the flash of her white teeth as she bit off that first syllable. She was dark, with brilliant complexion, snapping black eyes, and buxom figure. When she laughed she was heavenly, but when she was angry she was a tigress. No wonder she had to leave Russia disguised as a peasant boy. Her fiery and volcanic nature could not tolerate the wrongs of tyrannized Russia. She had fled to Germany, and, after a year in Berlin, decided to learn French, too. All this I learned, by degrees, from Marcel. They had both swum out to the raft together the morning after her arrival, and—well, you know how people at a summer resort meet each other. While I had been watching silken violets grow on a linen centerpiece Marcel had been improving his opportunity.

What a fine thing! We could both, Annia and myself, have our lessons at the same time. *French* conversation goes better if one has a pretty and animated girl to talk to. Again bitter disappointment! She could talk French like a streak of lightning. She left me just two miles behind when she began quoting page after page of French poetry, and even made puns in French. She need French lessons! Marcel argued, after our first attempt at a symposium, that her accent was bad, and that, even if she did know more about French literature than he did, it was his duty to help her with her accent. Of course, he was an architect, and *Helas!* one could not know everything, *monsieur*. So I continued my American conversations below the semifore, and saw less and less of Marcel, who I suppose carried on French lessons with Annia.

One day Annia came to me with a prettily-bound book in her hand. It was a memory book, and she wished me to put my name, the date, the place, and some appropriate sentiment in it.

You see they have those infernal things even in Russia. The sentiment was to be in English, if I pleased—something vigorous, expressive of the American restlessness, of which she had read so much, is it not? She had seen the young Americanies (feminine) and me performing such a queer ceremony, and it expressed the vigor of our nation so magnificently, is it not? While she could not understand a single word, she knew it must be some national custom, something connected with our folk-lore, is it not? Would I be pleased to inscribe this little sentiment in her book? I was uncertain as to the exact bit of folk-lore alluded to, but when she said that we slapped our knees, and pounded our elbows on the table, I remembered. The American girls had taught me to say, "All policemen have big feet," then slap my knees to the time—bump tidy, ump ump, bump, bump—coming down on the table with my elbows on the last bump, bump. With serious face, I inscribed the following sentiment in her memory book, as two lines of poetry:

"All policemen have big feet,
Bump tidy, ump ump, bump, bump,"

and signed my name.

So the month passed by all too quickly. I learned many things I had never known before, but among them was *not* French conversation. But I was satisfied (then), and so was Marcel. After we had returned to Paris my landlady was overheard to remark that, after being a whole month with Marcel, and not able to speak better French, bah! What stupidity! And I agreed with my friends that to learn to speak French one must go where there are no English or American-speaking people.

A CUP OF KINDNESS.

Milo Hawks, '16.

HE withdrew his hand from the knob, and listened intently. Far off down the street he heard somebody singing. It sounded vaguely familiar. He cursed his ears for hearing strange sounds—his memory for telling strange tales. Half round to the right, and then—but the tumblers refused. Stupid combination! In the glare of his press-button pocket lamp he scanned the figures on the unfolded sheet before him. Lucky to find it! Well, it was time to be lucky, he thought. The monotonous “click, click,” would never guide an unpracticed ear to the solving of this safe problem. “7—6—5”; how familiar the hasty scribbling of those figures! The peculiar twist to that 5! Memory teasing again. Back to 3—ah! The heavy door swung out. He laughed drunkenly. Hungrily he stripped the strong boxes of their treasure. He crammed his pockets until they sagged. Far away down the corridor a heavy door squeaked on its hinges, then clanged shut. The thief, ear to wall, listened. Voices were approaching—voices softly singing. He could hear them clearly now.

“My God!” he exclaimed; “my song!” and leaped from behind the screen.

With the tiny spot of light he searched the walls for an exit. High up, opposite him, the circle of yellow poised a moment. To his startled eyes there appeared a little silver-grey pennant; lettered in blue were the words Phi Sigma Rho. He clutched at a chair a moment, then rushed headlong to the door. Too late! The voices were just outside. He turned off the light, and crept, trembling, behind the screen.

The door opened, and they entered. Somebody’s hand switched on the light. There, arm in arm, stood three men—still singing.

“Ah! but it’s good to be home again,

Home again, home again.

Roaming is nothing but grief and pain,

O’er roads sunny or drenched with rain.

What though things aren't as they were of yore?
What though loved faces are here no more?
Here we can wander in Memory's lane,
Ah! but it's good to be home again."

As they sang they looked around the room. They saw the easy chairs, the cheery fire in the grate, the tasteful pictures on the walls. More than that they saw—not the thief crouching behind the screen, but four chairs drawn up around a table set with Havanas and champagne, and one of the chairs was draped in black! Peering between the cloth and the frame of the screen, the thief, too, saw this, and wondered.

Chicago knew these men well. The tall, dark fellow, with sad eyes, was Roland Dazey, author, critic, and globe-trotter. The short, light man was Billy Martin, of light opera fame. The third, Harry Worthen, President of the S. & H. railroad. All were in evening dress, and so were peculiarly in contrast to the hulking, masked figure, in dirty grey, there in the corner.

Song done, Dazey, the host, led them to the table. Looking at the draped chair, they grew strangely silent. Then, as they sat down, Worthen half whispered, "Poor old Jimmy!"

Nobody answered. They were manifestly ill at ease. For a few seconds the author sat tapping the decanter with his fingers. Then he rose and filled three glasses. Instinctively it seemed, Billy and Worthen arose, glass in hand. The light opera singer had forgotten his nonsense, plagiarized and original. The thief crouched lower behind his barrier, the better to hear what the author was saying.

"I cannot say, I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away."

The words of our Hoosier poet came throbbing with emotion to the ears of the crouching listener. He was beginning to understand. Grimly he straightened his shoulders, as settling a burden. A fight was beginning. His lip drawn between his teeth to fight back his warring emotions, he feared the outcome. But the author went on.

"Brothers," he began, huskily, "you know why we are here to-night. You know it is the anniversary of the birth of a brother

beloved, who is now at rest in the stars. You have known him from college days—I from bare-foot days. I knew him when he and his mother toiled and scrimped on a little patch of ground in the bottom lands of Illinois, I have seen him tend his truck patches with utmost care, until the crops promised prosperity—have seen the old Mississippi break her levees, and come raging over it all, and then have seen this mere slip of a boy go smilingly to work in the same old place anew. I went with him to college. There you met him and welcomed him into our fraternity. Remember how he used to toil after school hours to support himself and his mother. It was his love for her that kept him in the fight. And she knew he was true blue. This injunction she gave him once, and it was his life motto: 'Never give up. No man is defeated until the last shot is fired.' And he never gave up. He was not of the white-feather breed. Any one seeing him as we've seen him—his old blue sweater half torn from his body, tearing through a labyrinth of human passage ways, to slap the battered pigskin over the goal line for a touch-down—knew he never gave up."

He halted a moment, and cleared his throat. From somewhere in the room there came a noise that sounded strangely like a sob, but not one of the three heeded.

"In after life the old spirit prevailed. Men call him a failure, but they lie! A man who does his best—more than that—who goes under three times, as he has, and then comes back, is a greater success than you, Worthen, with your millions. When he failed the last time he had lost his wife. Worn out from the struggle, they say he died. But he would have come back had he lived. I'd swear it! He was a man all through—unflinching and clean. So, gentlemen, I pledge you, the loyal Phi Sig, the honest, fearless, faithful Jimmy Matthews."

When he finished, and the glasses clinked together, the thief half rose to listen. He had been lying prone on the rug, thinking. Jimmy Matthews—dead! Yes, they were right, he thought. He had died hard, too, but, nevertheless, yielded at last. And was it possible that there had been a chance—a ghost of a chance even? He smiled cynically, and listened.

"Poor old Jimmy!" Harry repeated.

"A plaything of fate," answered Billy.

"Is it possible that he is alive? Can it be that somewhere he is fighting all alone—friendless?"

"And not calling on us, his friends?" Dazey questioned. "You're dreaming, Worthen. True, he never called on us before, but maybe he had plenty of friends near him. Anyhow—oh well, I know Jimmy would come to us. He knows us."

"But suppose he is worse than ruined. Suppose—oh, suppose anything—that he is a criminal. Then what?"

"Impossible, Worthen. Jimmy is a man. It's not in him to be crooked. He is dead. How do I know it? Listen! I am a spiritualist. Jimmy Matthews is in this room."

The thief started, surprised. Billy, with shaking fingers, lit a cigarette. Then Worthen answered.

"I feel that, too." He shrugged his shoulders. "Foolish, though—ridiculous! But, but—say, Billy, for heaven's sake, start a song. Anything—'Annie Laurie' is good—anything to relieve this strain."

Billy began:

"Maxwelton's braes are bonny,
Where early fa's the dew."

The old song was transforming the thief. He half rose to his feet, drew a crumpled photograph from his pocket, and gazed at it, his whole frame trembling. His eyes, peculiarly moist, had a look in them seldom seen in those of a thief. Suddenly he fell to his knees and began to sing. The deep bass voice, vibrating with unsuppressed feeling, blended beautifully with the voices of the trio. Surprised, they exchanged glances, but went on singing. When the song was ended Billy Martin ran to the screen and jerked it fiercely aside. From the figure kneeling—from the masked countenance—they recoiled.

"Jimmy!" they whispered.

From his dreams the thief awakened. He hurled himself into the corner, and faced them, automatic in hand.

"Hands up! All of you—quick! You mistake your man. I, Jimmy Matthews? Ho, ho!" he laughed crazily. "I—I—your song got me. I forgot myself."

Hugging the wall, he leered at them through his mask. The sadness in Dazey's eyes had deepened, and he looked pained.

Finally, Billy spoke: "Jimmy, don't try to deceive us. Don't you know how futile it is? You can't do it. It won't work. I know you. You are not a thief—you can't be! Don't play the part any longer. Come on, and say you were trying to surprise us. Say you dropped in as a sort of surprise party. I know that's so. Say so, Jimmy, for God's sake, say so."

The tone was that of pleading, begging. Billy acted and spoke like a man fighting with doubt. But the thief complied with the request. From his face he jerked the black mask, and carelessly he dropped the gun into his pocket. Then he tried to smile.

"Billy," he said, as he took that gentleman into his arms, "God bless you. Surely I came to surprise you—came all the way from Arizona for this little affair. How did you all get it into your heads that I was dead?"

They walked over to the table as Dazey answered.

"A Texas engineer told us—Watkins by name."

"Ah, yes. He was under me when I failed." His face hardened. "I disappeared. Reckon he judged me dead."

Billy was all gladness now. He had rushed to the table, had jerked the crepe from Jimmy's chair, and was filling the glasses.

"Gather round," he cried, boyishly. "Gather round, and let's celebrate right. A health to the same old real live Jimmy Matthews."

They drank, all but the thief. He still paced the floor, stopping once to raise the screen to hide the as yet unnoticed open safe. Something in him kept him from usurping the place of a "dead man."

"Come, sit down, Jimmy," Harry begged. "We want all the news. What's happened to you? Come over her under the light. You—you are ghostly looking. Sick? Or dissipation?"

The thief halted in his tracks, and gazed at Worthen with a cynical smile playing about his lips.

"Dissipation! I!" He laughed grimly. "You don't know me, old man, any more. Well, I was inclined to be careless. I didn't have the cash to back me. I've been up against it, that's

all. That's enough! You all, with your luxuries, can't even dream of what I've suffered." He began to pace the floor again, head erect, eyes afire.

"One thing about it, though—hell has no horrors for me any longer. I've been there for ten years." He hesitated a moment, then went on. "Aye, all my life. It's a dose of hell to witness the transformation of beautiful dreams into nothingness. It's a dose of hell to lose those you love when you know the justice of God too well to anticipate a re-union. It's a dose of hell, I say, to recognize this world as a dirty, selfish, cowardly world—a world of Cains, of Judases. Oh, what's the use!"

He suddenly stooped to the floor, rose, and cast about the chair the crepe, pulled the mask over his face, and again covered them with his gun. He was calm and steady.

"I can't play this farce longer, gentlemen. I am not Jimmy Matthews. He is dead. For his sake, consider him so. I saw him die. I saw him a bankrupt; was in the room when the blow came; heard him call on his friends for help—heard him scornfully refused. Then I saw him die—and there I left him—dead. You see in me—only a road agent, a pick-pocket, a looter of all that falls in my way. See, look behind your screen there, Roland Dazey, and find your safe empty. Here's your filthy gold; take it. Later I'll return for the same. But now, gentlemen, good-night. Stand back! For I swear I'll shoot. My word is as good as that of Jimmy Matthews."

He sprang toward the door, but Billy Martin plunged before him, locked the door, and pocketed the key. The thief halted, pointed the gun full in Billy's face. No one moved. Billy looked him in the eye.

"Jimmy, you haven't got the heart"; and the gun fell to the floor.

The thief staggered back to the table, seized the edge with his hands, and swayed against it. He had torn away his mask.

"I haven't got the heart—haven't got the heart," he moaned. "I couldn't kill you, Billy. My God! I wouldn't hurt you for the world. Something in here wouldn't let me—d'ye hear? Wouldn't let me. I'll take back what I said." He fell back into the draped chair, unknowingly. "There is love in the world; for

I love you, boys. Didn't know how much before—this—last—trial. I've lost again, I reckon; lost again." He buried his face in his hands. Suddenly he looked up, and his face was that of another man. "But I'm glad, d'ye hear? I'm glad. I reckon—Jimmy Matthews—is—not—dead."

Out in the street a little news-boy began whistling a tune. For a minute Dazey listened, then strode to the thief and hurled the black cloth again to the floor.

"Listen, Jimmy," he whispered, brokenly.

The thief raised his head from his arms. Slowly came the understanding. Then he rose, tried to speak, but failed. As the music went on they silently joined hands, and stood around the table. They couldn't sing, but they gripped hands hard, and listened. And, oh, but that little street Arab could whistle.

"For auld lang syne, my dears,
For auld lang syne;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

THE JUSTICE OF ALLAH.

R. A. S.

Stamboul once more cast off her veil of mist;
With rosy rays her minarets were kissed;
Forth flashed her towers, all violet and blue,
As if emerged from bath of heavenly dew.
The sun proclaimed another joyous day
To all the world—nay, not to Ali Bey.
Great Allah, with a wondrous, bounteous hand,
Had blessed his labor in the Moslem land;
But he, unheeding whence the largess rained,
Despised the duties Allah's law ordained.
He spurned the ragged dervish from his door;
He kept the feast of Ramadan no more;
The muezzins' call he dared to disobey,
And thus the key of heaven cast away.
But, lo! in what he deemed his brightest hour,
Great Allah blasted all his mortal power.
The lustrous orb that brought a joyous day
Bemocked the glazing eyes of Ali Bey.
A friendly Mollah sat beside his bed,
And from the Koran's sacred pages read
Of joys in store in Allah's Paradise
For him who nobly lives and bravely dies.
But words sublime from out the sacred scroll
Brought scanty peace to Ali's gloomy soul.
His eye, bereft of all its scornful pride,
Now bore its gaze upon the ebbing tide,
Enframed by the casement's ample square,
And sought in vain some soothing solace there.
Then, all at once, his restless eye blazed bright,
As though a presence crossed his fading sight.
"Behold, O, Mollah, dost thou not descry
A portent on the radiant eastern sky?
My mortal fears are now forever past.

As Allah lives, the halcyon comes at last,
 And on his outspread wings my soul shall rise,
 And pass within the ports of Paradise."
 'Twas but a mote above the waters blue,
 Yet straight to Ali's stately house it flew,
 And, lighting on a towering cypress' crest,
 It settled down, as though it came to rest;
 And tarried there till waning of the day,
 But, with the dusk, it rose and sped away.
 Now, as the pious Mollah saw it soar,
 He turned, and, lo! proud Ali was no more.
 "By what good deeds in life has Ali bought
 Salvation from the wells of Hadramaut?
 It cannot be his works that thus can save,
 But by some grace that Allah's mercy gave."
 The Mollah questioned thus the ways of fate,
 When, turning from the gilded garden gate,
 He stumbled 'gainst a stiffening form that lay
 Prone on the sod beside the public way.
 He paused; then, bending by the beggar's side,
 He raised a trembling voice, and loudly cried:
 "O dervish Ahmed, who hast sacrificed
 All earthly joys by men preferred and prized,
 At last thou findest longed-for, blissful rest,
 Amid the promised raptures of the blest."
 (He closed his eyes, and raised his hands on high,
 And, bowing toward the darkening eastern sky),
 "Great Allah's justice reigns forevermore;
 'Twas not proud Ali's soul the halcyon bore."

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE GROUP.

A. R. Crabtree, '14.

IN his relation to society the individual looks upon himself from two diametrical points of view—the subjective and the objective. As he looks out upon the world he reads in the processes of Nature the law of the survival of the fittest, and “everything from without tells him he is nothing”; but, from the subjective point of view, “everything from within tells him he is everything.”

As he thinks of the abundance of life, and the universality of death, the endless spaces of Nature, her measureless time and her changeless heavens, he is inspired with a feeling of awe that makes him realize the insignificance of self.

It was such a view-point that inspired the words of the Psalmist—“What is man that Thou art mindful of him?” Thus the individual realizes that extermination follows in the wake of progress, and that whosoever will lose his life shall find it in the salvation of his species. And, with fear and trembling, he rushes into the arms of the group for protection.

But there is also a deep-rooted hope in every soul for individual existence. This profound desire comes from the realm of self-consciousness. It is this “larger hope” that makes him dread the result of surrendering his individual identity to the welfare of the horde. His desires, his ambitions, his passions are individual; his faith, his joys, his hopes, his memories are personal. This view of life finds expression in the immortal words of Shakespeare: “What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! in apprehensions, how like a God!”

These words were penned by one who climbed these heights, and worked out this splendid vision. Individualism has been a working force of intrinsic importance in the natural evolution of society. It makes no apology for its spiritual idealism, because this is the supreme test of every civilization.

Let us notice, briefly, the effect of individualism in the making of history. Broadly speaking, we get the frame-work of our thought, our concepts, and ideas from the Greeks. But, with all her philosophizing, Greece was not able to prevent the break-up of her social and political life. Rome added to her inheritance from the Greeks a system of government and law, without which the spiritual side of civilization would be impossible. She rendered an invaluable service, but she, too, was lacking in one essential element. The aim of her civilization was the perpetuation of the glory of Rome, but she tended too much to suppress and bind with fetters the individual, and thus, unknowingly, robbed herself of the motive power for growth and progress.

It was the work of Christianity to reveal man at his true worth, to emphasize the subjective side, develop his personality in its completeness, as the only security for the perpetual growth of the social whole. These latent forces of man's nature were set free by an appeal to the feelings. And the striking thing about this individualism was that it did not isolate and narrow man's life as though it were complete in itself, but related itself to the lives of all men, and expressed itself in an upward look to God and in love and service to man.

When this individualism was, in part, usurped by the authority of the Church a period of "Dark Ages" followed. With a new birth of freedom for the individual came the Renaissance and the Reformation. Apart from its doctrine of justification by faith, the Reformation stood directly for individual freedom, as opposed to the pretensions of the Church. From this time we have the gradual spread of representative government, because, perhaps, this is the most satisfactory adjustment of the relation between the individual and the group.

With the recent developments of sociology and economics, even in republics, there has arisen a class-consciousness, or socialism, at the expense of individuality. In economic organization this is the day of the corporation. Since the day when John Marshall chartered the modern trading corporation, wealth has increased a thousand-fold, but that wealth is corporate, not individual. In its pursuit after wealth, the corporation is forgetful of humane obligations. The wheels of this great money-

making machine are driven by forces that are insensible to heart-throbs and human passions. The factors of production and distribution are under its control, but a charter is yet unknown to the individual. Food, clothing, and shelter; lumber, coal, and iron are regulated by charters.

The great mass of men rebel against such wide control of the necessities of life by a few selfish groups. Their discontent rests on the belief that there are, in every city and community, hosts of individuals of honest purpose and lofty ambitions, who must turn from their love of art and learning, and starve their souls in the struggle to feed and clothe their bodies.

The individual, realizing that against the corporation he has no chance, turns to the group control of his Government, hoping therewith to regulate the factors of production. He is simply trying to substitute his group for the group of the capitalist. This great movement is an attempt at the re-adjustment of society to meet the changes wrought by those who ushered in the Machine Age. The cry for the re-adjustment of wealth is heard not only from the grimy and illiterate workman, but we may also catch the appeals from the halls of legislation; not only from the dizzy whirl and noise of the streets, but, in dignified contrast, from the chair of the college professor. These discontented people are seeking a form of group salvation. They are forced, by the stress and strain of modern life, into this attitude of thought, and they become willing to subordinate their individual identity to the common good of the group. This philosophy is so pleasing, the theories so soothing, that they seem to point the way out of individual stress into a blissful Nirvana.

This movement is marching at a rapid pace, and the State is bending to popular demands to such an extent as to undertake almost everything a turbulent and complex society demands. We have learned, from the experience of the past, that the danger in every great movement in which society is vitally concerned is that it may be carried to extremes by the force of its own momentum. If socialism is to meet with this fate, what is to become of the individual? Is he to be swallowed up in the welfare of the group—crushed between the mill-stones of corporate or-

ganization and the socializing State, as grains of wheat are ground into the shapeless flour?

We are all, at heart, individualists. In spite of our love for society, each one of us thinks of himself as a unit. That strange balance which may be observed in all the works of Nature is just as prominent in the life of the individual. We are, at the same time, "socialists" and "monopolists." Nature has made us "socialists" in order that the species may be perpetuated. She has made us "monopolists" because the instinct of self-completion lies at the basis of the hope for the progress of the species. The proper blending of altruism and selfishness is the ultimate hope of civilization.

Socialism is, therefore, a splendid philosophy as long as it brings about the natural co-ordination of this dual nature of man, but, when it goes so far as to establish the supremacy of the group at the expense of personality, it destroys that which has supplied the elements of civilization in all ages. Science, government, religion, art, literature, and invention are the works of individuals, and personality is the fountain from which they all flow.

Without these elements you cannot create an enduring civilization. Without the visions and dreams of the individual civilization would be as a house built upon the sand, to be shattered and swept away by the tempests of the mob. "Society reposes on the efforts of individuals. A mob never invented a machine, painted a picture, penned a poem, constructed a cathedral, or discovered a law in nature."

And yet, judged by the ideals of our own age, the species is better off to-day than ever before. The modern athletic games require as much skill, agility, and strength as any in the past. The modern army compares favorably, in its power of endurance, to that of the ancients. Even the uses of natural forces have not caused us to deteriorate physically. We can perform with our modern science and machinery engineering feats that eclipse the works of the Pharaohs, and yet we are the physical superiors of those who erected these enduring monuments by their own muscular strength.

Knowledge is more generally diffused among individuals

to-day than ever before. Go where you will you will find schools, libraries, and laboratories. The modern man is pre-eminent in the practical use of his knowledge. The practical idea has entered the realm of his conscience, and thus we have hospitals, organized charities, international arbitrations, humane societies, all of which are lofty monuments to the brotherhood of man.

And the species is better off to-day, not because of the survival of the fittest group, but because the fittest individual, Nature's masterpiece, has survived the struggle of the centuries. In order, therefore, for civilization to perpetuate itself, it must create individuals, peaks in the mountain range which lift their heads to be kissed by the silvery clouds, and crowned by the divine hand of inspiration. It has been in the development of the idiosyncrasies of the individual that society has emerged from the darkest regions of antiquity into the splendors of its present state. In its virtues we find the talents that have led us forth, and the sin that has held us back. The struggle for onward march is not the struggle of groups, but of personalities.

Society should not be robbed of the incentive to individual effort, and reduced to a monotonous level, in which the individual becomes indolent and looks to the State to be clothed and fed, nor should it allow itself to become the prey of plutocratic greed. The development of personality, and the proper adjustment of the relation between the individual and the group, will lead us at last to the portals of a genuine culture.

[NOTE.—The writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. Vincent, of the University of Minnesota, whose lectures here last winter inspired the line of thought pursued in the foregoing essay.]

THE RECTOR OF ST. GILES.

Ethel Smither, '15.

THE rector of St. Giles had asked his ward to dinner. Ralph had rather eagerly accepted. The bond of union between the two had always been very close, but Ralph's decision to become a minister had greatly strengthened it. Dinner was over, and the two were drinking their coffee in the rector's comfortable study. A silence had fallen upon them, when suddenly the young man spoke.

"Uncle John, do you know there's something about you that has always puzzled me. How did it happen that you ever came back after once going to Japan as a missionary? It doesn't seem like you to leave a task once undertaken."

A slow smile played about the rector's lips. "I've been expecting that question for a long time, and, if you really want to hear of what happened when I was just your age, I will tell you why I gave up my work in Japan. Perhaps you will call it a romance; I call it—well—

"When I had just finished college I decided to become a missionary. Japan was my chosen field, because somehow the country and its people had always held an indefinable charm for me. Even now I can remember how I dreamed of the many conversions I would make, and of how I would try to carry the message of love to the little yellow people.

"Well, time passed, and it wasn't very long before I found myself rector of a tiny chapel in a fishing village about sixty miles up the coast from Yokohama. The chapel was surrounded by pines that swayed back and forth under the wonderful haze of the blue Japanese sky. Just on the verge of a cliff it stood, at the foot of which the ever-changing blue of the Japanese sea touched the neutral yellow of the sand. Oh, the charm of it all! Even now my blood quickens, and I can almost hear the tinkle of a bell as some priest in a far-off temple calls to worship, and always I can smell the spicy odor of the pines.

"My church was there for the benefit of the fisher-folk, and

every Sunday evening the place was full. But I found them stolid, though respectful. Their reserve seemed impenetrable, and I was almost discouraged, when, one day, I noticed a little girl among them, listening with dewy eyes and parted lips, as I spoke of the wonderful love of the Christ. O! my little Peach-blossom! I can see her now, lad, just as she looked that day. She was slim and dainty, with the pink of the peach blossom in her cheeks, and the sweet purity of the peach blossom in her heart. Her kimona was pink, too, and there was a feathery look about the golden *obi*, like that of a peach blossom about to shatter. All through the sermon I preached to her only. After the sermon I asked that all would remain who might wish to ask questions.

"I thought they had all gone, when I felt a soft hand touch mine. 'Is it true what you say of the Jesus?' My peach-blossom girl had lingered.

"My blood quickened at this first manifestation of interest that I had received. 'Very true! His love is the great power that makes us love one another. He is love Himself, and He gave Himself for us all.'

"'For Japan and its people, too?' The soft eyes showed surprise.

"'For Japan and the Japanese, just as much as for any one else.' For a long time she listened to me, wonderingly.

"'Mashi is going home to think,' she told me. 'You will tell her more about this wonderful Christ?'

"'As much as you care to hear,' I earnestly assured her.

"Well, lad, that was the beginning. After every Sunday service Mashi would come, and it wasn't long before she acknowledged Christ. However, we decided not to make it known as yet.

"One evening we were walking, as had become our custom, when I noticed an evil, cunning face luring at us from the window of a quaint but dirty shop.

"'Mashi, who is that?' I asked.

"'O, that's Auti, the wife bargainer,' she answered, in flushed disdain. 'The honorable father says I must wed with him three weeks from to-day, but I don't want to.'

"'You marry that thing!' I cried, in horror. She nodded,

and a silence came upon us, until we had come to a secluded nook, under the cliff, and just out of reach of the shining lapping water. I never knew how it happened, lad, but, in a moment I held her in my arms. I can remember hearing my voice cry brokenly, 'I love you, little Mashi, my Peach-blossom! You are mine, all mine!' I can still see the womanhood dawn in the sweet face upturned to my kisses. In my heart there was hot anger toward old Sumeoh, her father, and toward Auti. I had forgotten that I was a missionary. I remembered only that I was a man, and that I held my mate within my arms.

"We determined to leave Japan. I was willing to give up my mission, so great was my love for her. She was all that really mattered then. I wanted only to hold my love in my arms and rest my cheek on the fragrant duskiness of her hair. We were mad with happiness, and on our way home she defiantly threw away the tablets of her ancestors, which every Japanese carries in the sleeve of his kimona. Thus she proclaimed openly that she had embraced my faith. How *could* we know that Auti had seen and heard all?

"Two weeks went by, and I always have called them the 'Summer of my Delight,' lad. The evening came when we had decided to steal away. I was waiting for her in my tiny garden, when, all at once, Mashi ran into my arms, with a sob.

" 'Go quickly, John!' she whispered, in the darkness; 'they have found us out, and are coming soon to kill you. I'll wait here, and follow you as soon as possible.'

" 'But, Mashi,' I started to protest, but she covered my lips with her own.

" 'Go! go!' she begged, even as she kissed me.

"The moon came out just as I stepped through the gate. A dark figure sprang toward me, a cross-knife gleaming in the up-raised hand. I leaped forward to catch his arm, when Mashi's cry rang out, and her soft body was covering my own. In a second it was over. The knife intended for me had pierced that faithful, loving heart. With a little moan, she sank into my arms.

"Lad, I became a demon then. I laid my sweetheart gently on the moonlit grass, and tried to find her murderer. Strange

oaths rushed to my lips, as I hunted in vain for the coward. I went back to my sweetheart, and my anger was crushed by my grief. Gently I raised her head. 'Mashi,' I begged, 'open your sweet eyes for me, my love!'

"The eyelids fluttered, and the lips faintly whispered, 'I was glad to do it, dear; I loved—' And there in my arms lay my dead sweetheart—my peach-blossom shattered.

"I never knew what happened after that, Ralph. They say that at day-break a brother missionary found me, madly insane, calling to my little Peach-blossom to come back to me. For months I knew nothing, and when I did come back to my senses I loathed Japan. The Bishop took pity on me, and sent me to California; and, after a time, I came here. Gradually I have come to be known as the man who has had some great sorrow, and, because of his own sorrow, can understand and sympathize.

"That was forty years ago, but, Ralph, my sweetheart is with me still. All that I have ever accomplished was done by thinking of her dear face. I feel that, somewhere, she is waiting for me, and that has made the sorrow easier to bear."

Silence reigned in the study, but Ralph noticed that his uncle's hands shook as with palsy, and that the muscles about his mouth were tense with suffering.

THE TURNING TIDES.

Robert L. Bausum, '17.

I heard a poet sing
 In spring,
 And happy o'er his chosen task,
 To see the world behind the mask,
 And watch the specters as they pass,
 Like birds upon the wing.

I saw the farmer toil,
 Friend of the soil;
 His not the idle dreamer's road,
 His not the heartless driver's goad;
 Humbly and bravely he bears his load,
 'Mid conflict and turmoil.

The teacher toiled and prayed—at last
 His heart beat fast;
 He loved the work, his soul's delight,
 Unpriced and priceless in his sight,
 The weary day and sleepless night
 Left treasures as they passed.

A little child sat in the shade,
 And mud-pies made;
 Oh, youth of happiness complete,
 All day the sun and shadow meet
 Around thy tireless, eager feet,
 O'er life's mosaic laid.

And there were those that not a name
 Dare speak their shame.
 Down the dark street, the narrow blind,
 Down where the poor streets twist and wind,
 Leaving all joy and hope behind;
 E'en thus the watchers came.

So each goes on in passion, love;
The heaven above
Looks down, I fancy, with a smile
To see them march in varied file,
And writes of man's best, second mile;
The immortal books approve.

Oh, men, who see the human throng
Struggling along;
Who see the vileness and the crime,
Who weep to hear the solemn chime
That rings both knell and wedding time,
Come, heed this song.

Judge not the world as with a guage,
As age by age!
Judge not humanity in mass,
Look deeper as the people pass,
See this gray head and that bright lass,
As each comes o'er the stage.

But let a kinder thought be given
To those who've striven;
Though some may sink, nor rise again,
Life's pulse may start that long has lain,
And many more their heart maintain,
If you will show them heaven.

Then listen for a moment now,
While soft and low
The murmurs of the ages come,
The busy, ceaseless, human hum,
Not rumbling like a hollow drum,
But heart-felt, full its flow.

And we can hear the echoes faint
Come from the distant shore;
We speak what was with hushed restraint,
For it is now no more.
But time that is, and Time's decree,
Our hope, our theme, our life shall be!

Whereas God, in His divine wisdom, has taken to His eternal reward our beloved fellow-student, Malcolm Lee Straus, and

Whereas we share with the family the deep grief occasioned by the loss of one who has been so much honored and loved among us, for his high ideals of conduct and scholarship and zealous enthusiasm in every phase of student activity; be it

Resolved, That the student body of Richmond College hereby express their deep sorrow, and extend the be-reaved family their heart-felt sympathy in this hour of their grief; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and a copy be also inserted in the RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

Done by order of the student body.

Signed by committee:

J. A. GEORGE,
J. VAUGHAN GARY,
R. MILLHISER,
M. L. BREITSTEIN,
J. EARL DUNFORD,
H. D. COGHILL.

Richmond College, April 3, 1914.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to take from this, its earthly sphere, the soul of

MALCOLM LEE STRAUS,

Therefore, be it resolved, by the Faculty of Richmond College:

1st. That we hereby place upon record this memorial of our deep grief in the untimely death of one who was a student so well equipped, so industrious, so conscientious, and so successful; a member of the College body so enthusiastic and loyal to all that touched its well being; a friend so cordial and pleasing in the daily walks of life; a mind so active and a personality so strong toward all that was high and noble in student life and activities.

2d. That this memorial be presented, in the name of the Faculty, before the student body; that it be sent to the bereaved family; that it be published in THE MESSENGER and in the daily press, and that it be spread upon the minutes of the Faculty proceedings.

WALTER A. MONTGOMERY,
ROBERT A. STEWART,
JAMES M. D. OLMSTED.

April 7, 1914.

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EDITORIALS.

With a full realization of the grave responsibilities and the magnitude of the task of editing THE MESSENGER, the new editors enter upon their duties with a feeling of incompetency and dread. Our task is especially difficult because our predecessors have set such a high standard that it will be difficult even to approach their mark. It is our earnest desire, however, that THE MESSEN-

GER shall keep stride with the progress that is being made in every other phase of the life of the College, and we shall do all in our power to accomplish this.

But, listen! We speak now to all loyal students of Richmond College; we need your support. Editors cannot make a magazine. The success of THE MESSENGER depends upon the students just as much as the success of the base-ball, foot-ball, or any other athletic team. Imagine a foot-ball team without eleven men to play. Is that any more impossible than a magazine without any one to write for it? We are dealing with time-worn and common-place analogies, but it is our desire to drive the matter home.

In undertaking our work, we realize that we are going to make mistakes, and many of them—we fear, too many—and we invite your criticism. This is an age in which people feel very free to express their thoughts, but this privilege is too often abused by indulgence in destructive criticism, or, as we would say in every-day vernacular, “knocking.” No good has ever been done by this form of criticism. We sincerely hope, therefore, that your criticism will be constructive and helpful.

We are making a customary plea, but it is, nevertheless, an exceedingly urgent one. Co-operation is the secret of success, and without it any enterprise will fail, regardless of the momentum which it has acquired. Therefore, we beg your hearty co-operation in making the RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER the best college magazine published.

We regret to chronicle in this issue of THE MESSENGER the death of Prof. Bennett Puryear, which occurred at his home, in

Madison county, at 2 o'clock on
PROF. BENNETT PURYEAR. the morning of March 30th.

Professor Puryear was a graduate of Randolph-Macon College, and afterwards took a special course in chemistry, under Professor Rogers, at the University of Virginia. He came to Richmond College in 1849 as a tutor and lecturer in chemistry. The following year he was made a full professor in that subject. In 1858 he returned to his *alma mater* as Professor of Chemistry, but in 1866 was re-called to his former chair in Richmond College. Here he served with distinction

until 1895, when he returned to his farm in Madison county, where he spent his declining years, reaching a ripe old age of eighty-eight.

Among the "old guard," as they are affectionately called by the boys of former days, Professor Puryear was a commanding figure. The esteem in which he was held by his colleagues in the Faculty is evidenced by the fact that, with the brief intermission of three years, he was chosen by them from 1868 to 1895 as their chairman.

Professor Puryear, as he was seen on the campus, was of rotund figure and jovial nature. He was fond of a joke, even at his own expense. As a friend, he was sincere, and was never too busy to listen to a student who needed his sympathy and help.

He was not endowed with a good voice, and, naturally, shrank from the rostrum. Through his pen he reached the larger public. His articles were always thoughtful, forceful, and chaste. The range of his topics was wide, but his special delight was in questions of state and of agriculture.

He came to the College in its formative period, and saw it grow into a strong educational force. As chairman of the Faculty, he had a large share in shaping the policies of the institution and building its character. To-day we are enjoying the fruits of his labors.

Although he has seldom been seen on the campus since he retired from the College Faculty, he was not unknown, for conditions of the past still linger about the campus, and cherished are the memories that cluster about his name.

With the students who were under him, we of the present day stand, with uncovered heads, at his grave, and express our sympathy for his family, and our gratitude to God for his long and useful life.

Not for many years has such a deep and genuine grief overshadowed the College as that occasioned by the death of our much beloved and honored school-mate, Malcolm Lee Straus. To see a life of such promise and infinite possibilities cut short in the full bloom of youth is sad, but to have

this brought closer to our hearts by the death of one we loved and hailed as friend is beyond expression.

As a student, Malcolm Straus took a place second to none in College. He was an earnest searcher after knowledge, and the high marks which he made in his classes bespeak his achievement along these lines. In 1913, by his superior ability, he won the Crump Prize in Mathematics from a number of worthy contestants. His accomplishments in scholarship alone cast great honor upon the class of 1915, of which he was a member.

His life, however, was not confined to the steady grind of text-books and the class-room, but touched every phase of College activity. In the Athletic Association, Literary Society, and as Associate Editor of this magazine, he displayed an interest and enthusiasm which made him one of our most useful men. His faithful and efficient work on the Debating and Forensic Council, as well as on other committees, was, by no means, a small part of the service which he rendered the College.

The memory of his life, characterized as it was by high ideals, lofty motives, and faithful service, will ever remain with us as a priceless heritage, and we can but close with the thought: Here was a man; whence comes such another?

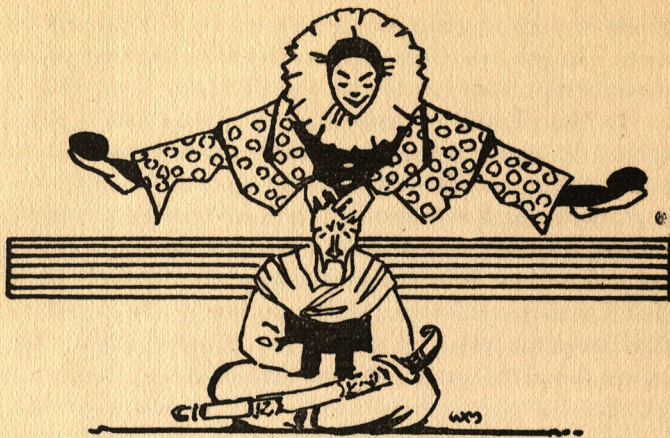
The opening of the new College in the autumn of 1914 will mean new life and energy to both students and Faculty. It is

THE PROPOSED CHANGE	but natural that, with this complete
IN THE CONSTITUTION	change of atmosphere, effort is being
OF THE R. C. A. A.	made in every department to enter
	the new life with a clean slate. The
	old Constitution of the Athletic

Association has served its purpose, and new provisions are constantly needed to meet changing demands. Take, for example, the case of the Athletic Council, appointed by the Trustees of the College in 1912, to have charge of the finances of athletics at Richmond College. There is absolutely no provision in the old Constitution even mentioning its powers. Besides, there are other features in the Constitution which the College has outgrown. In fine, there is need for a radical change, and we think that the proposed amendments meet this need.

Some important changes are effected by the proposed Constitution. In the first place, it provides for a student president, but substitutes a member of the Faculty for a student as treasurer. In the second instance, while the Executive Committee is retained, its power is curtailed, and is assumed by the Athletic Council. Again, uniform 'Varsity insignia is adopted for the various sports, and recognition made of the members of the second teams by allowing them to wear monograms. The managers of the various sports are held to a stricter accountability, and bond required of them. The duties of the secretary are slightly increased, together with other minor changes. On the whole, we deem the proposed Constitution a step toward better things.

In the March number of *The Popular Science Monthly* there is an interesting and scholarly article on "Water," by Dr. E. P. Wightman, '08, now of Johns Hopkins University. If we remember aright, the germ of this very readable contribution appeared in THE MESSENGER several years ago, when Dr. Wightman was a graduate student at the Hopkins. Now it is enlarged by the author as befits the prominent chemist into which "Pinkey," as we used to call him, has grown. We are proud to record the fact that he did his earlier writing for THE MESSENGER, and the rivulet has become a big fountain. There isn't a more loyal alumnus of the College than Wightman. He comes back at least once a year to see us, and, between times, he writes. To show his devotion to his *alma mater*, he established, two years ago, the "Wightman Prize" for the best essay on some theme in the field of the natural sciences. This prize was won last year by Clodius Willis. We congratulate Wightman on his success as a research specialist, and on his ability to write an uncommonly readable article for a great magazine. He is not only reflecting credit on the old College, but he never forgets her as he goes on climbing the hill of fame. Here's to you, Pinkey, with love and best wishes!



CAMPUS NOTES.

E. N. Gardner, '14.

The short term of the session has started. After the gruelling work of the winter "exams." most of the students went home for a few days to get a square meal and to see their girls. Those who remained here had the pleasure of a few days recreation about the campus and city. Certain it is that no one hurt himself working during the holidays. We're back now for study, and will make the next nine weeks hum to a grand finish in June.

Among the speakers on the chapel platform since our last issue was Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia. His lecture on "The Place of Analogy in the Development of Language" was thoroughly interesting and instructive. The influence of the negro dialect was dwelt on, and the rules of language, expressed in grammars, were given as a reason that our language in the South has not yielded to the negro speech.

We were also glad to hear Doctors Ridley and Walker, evangelists conducting meetings in the city. Each of them gave us an interesting speech, told in an impressive manner, peculiar to the men.

The Y. M. C. A. has elected officers for the next year, beginning with this term. The results of the election are as follows: President, W. E. Durham; Vice-President, P. L. Mitchell; Secretary, D. N. Sutton; Treasurer, D. P. Bowe; Secretary of Missions, R. L. Bausum. These officers represent several phases of College life, and thus far typify the real spirit of the Y. M. C. A. It remains for you to make the organization thoroughly representative and helpful, by giving your presence and influence towards fostering its interests as a part of your own. The attendance of those living in the city is urged. The hour is from 7:15 to 8:00 on Thursday evenings. Come, and make the remaining weeks the best at the old College.

Nearly two hundred students marched in the funeral procession of Malcolm L. Straus, on April 2d. The procession left the home of the deceased about 3:30 P. M., and passed slowly through the College campus. As an expression of their love and honor for their fellow student, the men formed line on the campus, fell in behind the hearse as it passed, and accompanied the corpse to its last resting-place. A beautiful tribute, worthily bestowed.

A memorial service was held in the chapel on Tuesday, May 5th, in honor of the deceased. Mr. George, President of the Senior Class, read the resolutions drawn up by the student body. Dr. Boatwright paid a glowing tribute to his noble character and unselfish service to his fellow-men. Dr. Anderson spoke of his work on the Debating and Forensic Council, laying especial emphasis on his aptness for suggestions and ideas on most subjects discussed, and, at the same time, the polite manner of tolerance which he showed towards the views of others.

There were several speakers from the student body. Mr. Brock, who spoke of our friend's constant service to the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society, and of his unceasing efforts in behalf of THE MESSENGER and *Spider*. Mr. Dunford, President of the Junior Class, of which Malcolm was a member, told of his original ideas in regard to the methods of increasing class spirit. Mr. Dunford also said that the great majority of new College yells and songs handed in last fall were written by this loyal supporter

of the "Red and Blue." Professor Harwood, Principal of the John Marshall High School, was called on, and he bore testimony to the conscientious work of this student. Dr. Metcalf closed the services with a few remarks of appreciation of the student from the standpoint of one of his professors.

The State Oratorical Contest of the Virginia State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association will be held at Richmond College on May 1st, for the first time in eight years. This Association includes the two universities and the leading colleges in the State. The contests are held each year at one of the colleges in the Association, and this year, by order of succession, it falls to our lot to be the host of our sister colleges. Let us see to it that we do our noblest, and carry off the honors. The reward to the winner is a handsome gold medal. The officers of the Association are: President, R. A. Brock; Vice-President, W. T. Hall; Secretary and Treasurer, O. G. Poarch, all of Richmond College.

The other day "Dick" Harwood met a bald, middle-aged gentleman down town, and was accosted with this question: "Are you related to the —— Harwood that was here in the nineties?"

Harwood: "Very distantly. He was my mother's first child, and I am the twelfth."

Dr. Metcalf (addressing class studying English verse): "Somebody has said that many a man is a poet without knowing it."

Decker: "Gee, what luck!"

We are glad to hear that Judge Bell has recovered from an attack of fever. During his recuperation the doctor prescribed short, early walks for him every day. In relating his improvement to Self, Bell said: "I used to feel so tired when I got half-way round the block that I had to turn and come back, but now I am much better, for I walked all the way around the block this morning."

Edmonds (reaching up to slap O'Flaherty, slightly stooping):
 "Hold up your head, 'Big League.'"

O'Flaherty: "Like this?"

Edmonds: "Yes; even higher."

O'Flaherty: "Shall I keep it that way always?"

Edmonds: "Yes."

O'Flaherty: "Well, then, good-bye, 'Heinie'; I shall never see you again."

A few days ago Pollard got tired of hearing unfavorable comments from the "calics" about the roughness of his upper lip. Probably that accounts for the sprouting of the spring crop of green salad. This we are sure of, that the next time "Polly" came back after an evening call he struck a bargain with Johnny Wicker. We won't say which one got "stuck."

Bristow (after a gentleman, a stranger, has voluntarily spoken on some conditions in Maine): "We are glad to have the gentleman from Maine with us to-night."

Man (who has just sat down): "I am from Connecticut."

Bristow (thinking he said Kentucky): "We think that much more of you, as you come from a Southern State."

Miss Gray (to Dr. Harris, who had been explaining the ancient custom of putting to death by bleeding in a warm bath): "Didn't the condemned drown under that penalty?"

Billings went down to the Jefferson during the holidays, and was so frightened by the paraphernalia of a New York belle that he stepped over into the aquarium for gold fish.

The lady fixed her lorgnette, and exclaimed, "Never mind, little man; they won't hurt you."

Dr. Metcalf: "Now, Mr. Brannock, if you were going to work out some great problem, say one that dealt with Hebrew literature, you would get out your Hebrew lexicons, histories, and so forth, wouldn't you?"

Brannock: "No, sir; I don't believe *I* would."

Dr. Olmsted (discussing health, in biology class): "Miss Harris, can you tell me why we should always be neat and clean?"

Miss Harris (promptly): "In case of accident, Doctor."

Clodius Willis recently took an artful maid to a dance in the city. The young lady thinks much of ancestry, while Clodius considers such stuff snobbish. The two sat out a dance together, and the girl mounted her hobby instantly. Willis interrupted:

"What was your father?"

She: "Father was a gentleman."

Willis: "But what did he do for a living?"

Clodius thought that a bright remark, but the girl came back.

She: "What was your father?"

Willis: "My father raised hogs."

She: "I see he did. But what did he do for a living?"

——: "So you got the opinions of Duval and Ryland [lawyers of the 1913 class], did you? And were their decisions the same?"

——: "Exactly. Twenty-five dollars each."

—— (on visit home, at country hotel): "Anybody here that plays poker?"

Clerk: "Plenty of 'em—if you don't mind lending 'em a dollar or two to start with."

Dr. Anderson: "What was the celebrated French Academy?"

Snead (with recollections of Fork Union): "A military academy."

Privott (in parlor): "There's been something trembling on my lips for months and months."

She: "Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?"

Jordan (in a gathering of Co-eds.): "Miss M——, don't you think the immensity of nature strikes every one with a peculiar feeling of awe?"

Miss Jones (interrupting): "No, it doesn't. I took a girl to the circus once, and she told me she thought the hippopotamus was cute."



K. Brooke Anderson, '16.

COME ON!

Fellows, we are nearing the end of the 1913-'14 sporting season. The honor of having won two collegiate championships is ours. We are proud of our teams, because they exhibited such fighting spirit that they have become known as the "Come Back" teams. It has been our hope and earnest desire to make this, the last season at the old College, the most successful in the history of the school. Up to the present time we have done so. But, fellows, listen; it is a known fact that our chances in base-ball are, at present, considerably below par. In foot-ball and basket-ball we had a fighting chance, and we won. Have we that much chance in base-ball? It remains to be seen. It rests with us. We've had wonderful "rooting" this season. It is hardly possible that any school could have had two harder working cheer leaders than Leslie or Dunford. They both gave us the best they had, and Dunford has had to resign on account of his voice. Now, let's get behind the base-ball team, and show Leslie that we can "root" with the old spirit displayed when the tide went against us. Get the team imbued with fight; show them that we are with them, win or lose; and we are liable to sit on this old campus fence yet, and make a rooster envious of our vocal expressions over another championship. But, remember, it'll take fight. Now, let's go!

BASKET-BALL.

Captain Leubbert was unanimously re-elected as the captain of the basket-ball team for next season, and will probably repeat his success of the past year. Manager Wicker has also been chosen to succeed himself as manager for another year. He will

begin work immediately to arrange a suitable schedule, including a long Northern trip.

Below is a compilation of the individual scores of each individual player, representing the number of points scored in every game during the season. The numbers in parentheses represent points scored from foul goals. As Captain Leubbert did all of the tossing from the foul line during the entire season, the parentheses only occur under his name.

The number of points scored by our opponents in nineteen games was 588; by the College, 584. In the collegiate championship, however, the College scored 198 to their opponents 151.

NAMES.	Leubbert	Brook	Heubi	Mitchell	Satterfield	Robins	Cosby	Newton	Cofer
Howitzers.....	4 (2)	2	2	2	2				
Blues.....	8 (2)	6	4						
Medical College of Va...	27 (3)	4	6	4					
J. M. A. C.....	17 (5)	10	6	2	4				2
Fredericksburg.....	12	12	14	2	2				
Randolph-Macon.....	14 (2)	10	6		2				
Union Theo. Seminary..	6	8	12	2	4				
Howitzers.....	7 (1)	4	8		2				
Blues.....	21 (5)	10	4	6	2				
Hampden-Sidney.....	14 (6)	8	8	8					
Virginia Christian Col...	7 (3)	4	14	6					
Hampden-Sidney.....	17 (7)	14	8		2				
Lynchburg Y. M. C. A..	10 (4)	6	2			2			
Roanoke.....	15 (9)	2			2				
Virginia Christian Col...	12 (6)	8	6		2		4		
William and Mary.....	16 (6)	6	4						
J. M. A. C.....	9 (3)	6				2	2	16	
Randolph-Macon.....	6	18	4		2				
William and Mary.....	19 (3)	2		6	4				
	175 (67)								
Totals.....	242	140	108	38	30	4	6	16	2

Grand Total, 584.

TRACK.

Coach Dobson's call for spring track practice brought out practically all of the in-door squad, many of whom should develop into good out-door men.

Manager Carter's out-door schedule calls for two meets, the R. A. A. F. games on April 26th, at home, and the South Atlantic Inter-Collegiate games, at Baltimore, May 1st and 2d.

The chances are that the "Spiders" will carry off the Senior trophy in the former, since they have defeated the Blues, last year's winner, once this year, in the "Spider"-Blues dual meet.

As several years have elapsed since the College has entered an out-door team at Baltimore, it is a matter of conjecture as to the showing we will make. Judging from the in-door meets of the past season, however, Durham should place in the shot and hurdles. Heubi and Klevesahl have both showed form in the 880, and should score in that event, while Gary, who ran third in the S. I. A. A. championship quarter, is expected to show his heels to the crowd in the 440.

The annual field day games will be held on May 7th. It is of interest to note that it will be a class meet this year, and a handsome trophy will be awarded the class winning the most points. A number of prizes will be presented to the winners, while a gold medal goes to the man scoring the greatest number of points.

This is a fine opportunity for men unable to make the track team to compete with men of their own calibre; so get busy on the class teams, you Scrubs.

BASE-BALL.

Owing to the inclement weather, the games with William and Mary and West Virginia Wesleyan were cancelled, and, up to the present time, it has been impossible to get a line on the team. From the present outlook, however, the prospects are very discouraging. In the first place, the squad does not contain a single 'Varsity pitcher of last season. This leaves Duval, of the second team, and Flannagan, of last year's 'Varsity outfield, to do the slab work. Robinson, a new man, is showing up well in the box, but he lacks experience. To top it all, Frank O'Neil has been forced to leave College on account of his father's illness. O'Neil's loss is a serious one. He was a fiend on the bases, was handy with the stick, and covered the centre garden last year in "big league" style. He was forced to resign as captain of the track team soon after the in-door track season

started, because of enlargement of the heart, and his loss in this branch of sport has been keenly felt. Besides being a versatile athlete, O'Neil's class standing ranks with the best, which makes the blow doubly hard, since we have trouble each spring with base-ball men who fall below the standard. Suffice it to say, O'Neil will be missed by the entire College, and, in this hour of grief, the teams extend their deepest sympathy, with the hope that he may be able to return to College next fall.

Coach Dobson has been greatly handicapped by the lack of facilities for practice. The lack of a diamond has presented a very serious problem throughout the season, as it is almost impossible for the men to be taught the fine points of the game without a suitable place to practice. It is to be hoped that the team will have the use of the ball park at least two or three evenings a week after they return from the trip.

The following men left with Coach Dobson and Manager Culbert on the initial trip: Davis, catcher; Flannagan, Duval, and Robinson, pitchers; Captain Ancarrow, Scales, Robins, Wiley, and Liggan, in-field; Lewis, Jones, Pollard, and Crossley, out-field.

The schedule of games to be played on the trip is as follows:

March 31st—Staunton Military Academy, at Staunton.

April 1st—V. M. I., at Lexington.

April 2d—Washington and Lee, at Lexington.

April 3d—Roanoke College, at Salem.

April 4th—Randolph-Macon Academy, at Bedford City.

ALUMNI NOTES.

M. L. Breitstein, '15.

President Boatwright attended the Conference for the Extension of Education in the South, which was held in Louisville, Ky., from April 7th to April 10th.

Dr. Bingham represented the College at the Convention of the American Chemical Society, which was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, beginning April 8th. Dr. Bingham is an officer of the Society and read a paper at the Convention.

A communication was recently received from Wirt Robinson, B. S., '82. He is now Lieutenant-Colonel and Professor of Physics in the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Charles Marshall Graves, B. A., '96, has an important position on the staff of the *New York Times*. Mr. Graves has been putting forth every effort in an attempt to organize a Richmond College alumni chapter in New York. We wish him great success in his highly commendable action.

Rev. R. T. Marsh, B. A., '94, who rendered invaluable service as a representative of the College during the Greater Richmond College campaign, is in charge of a very successful pastorate at Clifton Forge, Va.

Edgar L. Allen, B. A., B. L., '02, is one of the leading attorneys of Birmingham, Ala.

Miss Helen E. Baker, B. A., '07, is this year a candidate for a M. A. degree at Columbia.

Ray R. Banner, B. A., '10, is assistant principal of the High School at Oak Hill, W. Va.

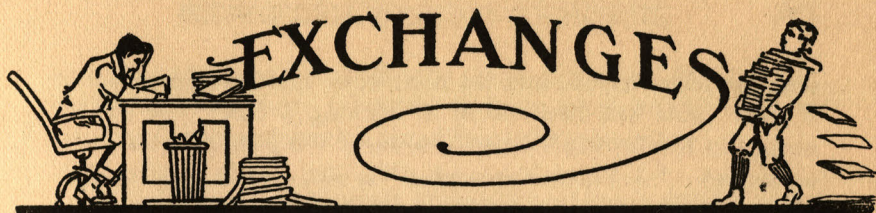
F. B. Clarke, B. A., '07, is this year a candidate for a Ph. D. degree at Johns Hopkins University.

Rev. Benjamin B. Abbitt, B. A., '01, is the much beloved pastor of one of the leading churches of Camden, N. J.

We were pleased to see among us again Valentine Lee, who is at the Episcopal Seminary, in Alexandria, and Roland Lassiter, who is now a student at Yale.

Jesse Moore, '13, delighted his many friends with the sight of his "beaming" countenance on the campus recently.

Among other visitors whom we most heartily welcomed were J. E. Welsh, '12, who is attending the Crozer Theological Seminary; P. S. Ellis, '13; A. O. Lynch, '11; F. M. Benton, '12, and W. B. Wiley, '13.



Clyde C. Webster, '14.

"Giacomo Puccini" is an essay on the operas of this modern Italian composer. His works are taken up in turn and criticised.

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The point is brought out that Puccini belongs to the veristic school, a class of operatic composers who are not content with "occasionally proclaiming the mood of a situation," but who, by their music, strive to picture more vividly to the mind of the audience every whim and emotion of the scene. In structure, this essay is somewhat chatty and rambling. We are told by the author that, since he has said so much about the early works of Puccini, lack of space forces him to be brief in writing about the remaining. This gives the reader the feeling that he has not worked out his subject beforehand, and is merely rambling all over creation, with nothing definite to say. "A Brave Coward" is the best of the stories, in spite of the fact that the plot is far from being original. It is the same story of the coward who finally distinguishes himself in battle. A good point is brought out when it is said that cowardice often depends upon the point of view. "The Book-Worm" is a successful attempt at a detective story. "The Earthquake in New France, 1663," is an extremely interesting account of a mighty cataclysm which shook the whole continent, and which tore down and built up mountains in a few minutes. The account is taken from a Latin translation of a Jesuit missionary's original record of the shock, which he witnessed. "To a Child" is probably the best of the poetry.

The Isaqueena has a good essay in the March issue on "The South Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Blind." We are given a clear idea of the methods used in teaching students in such schools. "A Case of Fever" needs revising. Some of the

dialogue seems unreal, and the plot, while good, would be better if more pains had been taken in working it out. The sudden change in the heroine's attitude towards the poor does not seem consistent. "A Victor Vanquished" is also a little weak in plot. As a whole, the magazine is very creditable.

The Gallaudet *Buff and Blue* contains only two articles in the March number—one story and a sketch, "The Mythology of the Rose." There is no original verse and no essays. We suggest that you give *The Buff and Blue* more space in your magazine to literature, and less to other departments, which are of minor importance.

We are always glad to see essays on Southern poets and writers. This is a good field for appreciative essays, and in no other way can interest and appreciation for Southern writers be better stirred up than by essays in college magazines. The essay in *The Chronicle* on "Henry Timrod" gives us a very good idea of his sad and limited life. Perhaps too much space is taken up with an introduction, which really does not concern the subject. In "The Mystery of Kalalanta" is a story of an old house supposed to be haunted. Two children have disappeared there, and terrible cries are heard at night. The mystery is finally cleared up by learning that the cries come from a panther which has killed the children. Although somewhat commonplace and long-drawn-out, the story holds the reader's interest. Let us have more essays, and, by all means, more poetry.

This magazine lacks well-constructed stories. "The Feeling of Love" is amusing, but is too sketchy. The same is true of "Jimmie and '88,'" a story on a rather trite subject. The end of this, especially, is not full enough, and lacks vividness. "The Secret of Ibsen" gives us a rather hazy idea of the genius of the great dramatist in portraying life. Not

enough use of good illustrations is made, those used being rather indefinite. Pay more attention to your proof-reading. There are several glaring mistakes throughout the magazine.

The University of Virginia Magazine contains in the February issue a rather interesting personal essay on "The Poetry and Promise of Alfred Noyes," in which the writer very positively predicts that "the next two decades will see upon his shoulders the mantle of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Tennyson." The writer considers that the poetry of Mr. Noyes has, in addition to the masterly form of Swinburne, a distinct, though not obtrusive message for the reader, qualities which, together with a growing universality of appeal in the themes of his poems, will conduce to rank him as one of the great English poets. By good illustrations, the poet's belief in God, the immortality of love, and his ambition to help bring about universal peace are brought out. We are also told that Mr. Noyes is "clean, optimistic, and uplifting, pure-minded and vigorous, physically and mentally." While all critics do not agree with the writer in giving Mr. Noyes so much praise, it is interesting to find an essay in which the writer thinks for himself, gives his own honest opinion, whether right or wrong. We feel that the essay is the result of a personal investigation, and not a mere re-hash of what critics have said on the matter. Among the poems a sonnet, "In Answer to Those Who Say that Pan is Dead," is especially appealing. "The Sacrifice" is a well-written story, except the last part, which is unsatisfying. Too much room is left to the imagination. Moreover, it does not seem altogether consistent with the rest of the story. "The Mentalite" and "The Noble Art of Persuasion" seem a little commonplace. The former, however, has an unexpected, though too sudden, change at the end.

